

No. 13 East 8th St.
N.Y.

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My dear Steadman,

How often, in the years
past, have you stood by
& said "Jed Boy" - when
out came some book
or piece of mine?
And your
argument is what most
of us (artists) need!

I can't help thinking that
if I had had more of it -
& more fully that the world
cares for what I printed,
I need have - known

I was sick - came
into a fever & was

assured of utterance.
This past year I have written more than
in any year since the New Day.
In other words

some have been I was
more of an artist -

Became while I began
with the "Enthusiasm
of a lover" - not caring
for the rivalry of
Shakespeare or Dante
or any of them in
the line of love -
forms - when it came
to the usual copies -
given of an artist,
as to speak, - I felt
timid, easily knocked

out by strong contemporaries (like McKay; whose sturdy genius made my poems seem weak.)

(You started me in an opposite direction.) When the other night, I saw you in the audience, with "the child," who warmed me with courage, & your kindly nodded approval made me feel I had not altogether failed ~~you~~ ~~as ever~~ ~~of the~~ ~~prize~~